The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVI July 10, 1942 NUMBER 12

THE WEEK 267
WHAT ABOUT MARRIAGE? *Walter John Marx* 270
THE GREATNESS OF A SMALL COUNTRY *Wilhelm Solzbacher* 272
ARCLIGHTS AT EVENING (*Verse*) *August Derleth* 275
LATIN FROM THE CRADLE *Ella Frances Lynch* 276
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 279
COMMUNICATION 279
THE STAGE *David Burnham* 280
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 281
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 281
The Last Time I Saw Paris—Old Soldiers Never Die—Saint Louise de Marillac—Europe in Revolt—The New Order in Poland—Only the Stars Are Neutral
THE INNER FORUM 285

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York
Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM, *(now on duty with the armed forces)*

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Americas More Self-Sufficient

IT HAS BEEN plain to everyone who would face it that the only way to build up Pan American trade and the economy of the western hemisphere is to raise the standard of living throughout Latin America. Loans will not do it as many holders of foreign bonds have discovered to their sorrow. For goods and services have to be repaid with goods and services in the end.

One of the biggest obstacles to raising the standard of living has been the colonial character of the Latin-American economy. The function of these countries in the eyes of Europe and the United States has been to serve as sources of raw materials and markets for finished products. They have sold cheap and bought dear. Widespread poverty was the only possible result. This has been aggravated by the fact that many of these countries, or large sections of them, have been devoted to a single crop produced on large haciendas by an unorganized rural proletariat. When there was an oversupply of coffee or sugar or wool or hides, as has often been the case in recent years, vast sections of the population have found themselves in desperate condition.

The loss of a large section of their European market and the U-boat threat to shipments to the United States have been a further blow to the Latin American economy. But there are two tendencies even now that promise better things. The first of these is the marked increase in the exchange of goods between various Hispano-American countries—a development directly caused by the war. Here are a few figures from a recent *Times* report: "In 1938 total exports of Latin American countries to each other were only 6.1 percent and in 1940 only 6.7 percent of all Latin American exports. . . . Brazil's exports to Latin America during the first nine months of 1941 were 83 percent greater than during the corresponding period in 1940. Argentina's exports to Latin America in 1941 were 29 percent greater than in 1940 and its imports from it also 29 percent up. Mexico's exports to Latin America in 1941 rose 81 percent over the 1940 figure, while its imports rose 189.5 percent." Ecuador is supplanting Siam as the source of rice; Argentina is beginning to get coal from Brazil instead of Britain; Mexican textiles now have a big market throughout Central America, etc. To have all this develop into a more balanced and self-sufficient Latin American economy—and therefore to a general rise in the standard of living—more must be done toward eliminating tariff barriers on non-competitive products, as Brazil suggests, if not along even more general lines. And then transportation facilities must be tremendously improved. Here, as in the problem of war supply, the sky freighter seems to provide the readiest answer.

The second new development is the beginning of the new Pan American farm program. As the *Farmer* of St. Paul, Minn., puts it in the current issue, "The peace aim for a world-wide New Deal proposed by Henry A. Wallace and Milo R. Perkins is getting a trial now in South America. The AAA is being made hemisphere-wide." The Commodity Credit Corporation has already bought the entire Peruvian cotton crop despite our own huge surplus; the Paraguayan cotton crop and the Bolivian surplus are next. Graduated prices are paid as a reward for reducing crop acreages. "Peru gets 50 percent more for not raising cotton than for raising it." As a temporary stop-gap to meet a serious wartime emergency this sort of thing may be of benefit. US management of hemisphere agricultural surpluses may be of great assistance to our economically hard-pressed neighbors just now. But obviously curtailing production provides no long-term solution of the world's economic problems. Expanded production and distribution are also needed. What is important in the latest development is the correlation of Pan American economics. If this is successfully achieved, then an agricultural program of diversified production can go far in developing better living standards for the rural—and urban—populations in both hemispheres.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Memoriam

AS WE go to press all hope seems lost for Odell Waller. Of course one can never relegate a human life to minor importance, and yet in this case it almost seems as though the greater tragedy does not lie in his death. The greater tragedy lies in the weaknesses and buck-passing and narrowness of mind brought to light in the long effort to get him legal redress. It seems almost incredible that in this year, 1942, Americans, and Americans in the highest position of trust, could act as legalistically and as pettily as they have acted. Nor do we include in this indictment the Governor of Virginia or the original trial judge.

Yet even though there is tragedy in the final end of the tale, there is also glory. Odell Waller was a poor man, a little man in importance if not in stature. He was the sort of man whose life is cheap in most societies. He was a Negro sharecropper. Furthermore he committed a crime. There is no question of that. The best that can be said in his favor is that he committed this crime under bitter provocation, and when a crime is murder that excuse rings very weak. Yet in spite of all these things this insignificant colored farmer has come to be known in every part of our land, has had the services of able counsel and the backing of powerful organizations of citizens. Only after two years has *finis* been written to his cause. In all this we may take pride, for there are few countries in the world where such a thing could happen.

If the man is guilty, why should his trial and execution raise so much trouble? Only because to Americans his trial seems to have been an unfair trial. We do not question his guilt, but we do question the procedure under which his guilt was established. We think well enough of law to be willing gladly to risk that a guilty man go innocent rather than that a guilty man should be unfairly established in his guiltiness. Being a poor Negro, Waller paid no poll tax. But when he came up for trial, the jury which decided his case was selected exclusively from the ranks of those who could pay and had paid poll taxes. That, we insist, disqualified his jury, for it is not a jury of his peers.

Most Americans in their hearts are opposed to the whole system of poll taxes. It is somehow disreputable that a voter should be forced to pay money for the privilege of voting. We can understand a qualification of literacy; we could understand, if it were administratively possible, a qualification of character; we assume a qualification of age. There is something dirty about a qualification of cash. Of course this system prevails in many states, and we are not likely to see the end of it in our day. But what we must see the end of, if we are to be true to our tradition, is the extension of this system to the selection of jurymen. It is utterly corrupting to think that men should pay to be allowed to sit in judgment on the poor.

That is what Odell Waller's case is all about. And the mistake in his case seems to have been that his own attorney did not realize that an issue of primary injustice can also be made a Constitutional issue—or if he did realize it, he failed in the technical knowledge of what it was necessary to do to make the issue Constitutional. Yet we cannot find it in our spirits to condemn this attorney so much as we must reprobate judges who insisted upon a technical point in order to avoid having to adjudicate a politically delicate issue. Mistakes are in the tradition of every people on earth; avoiding issues we have always prided ourselves is not an element in our judicial tradition. It may be that honorable justices can find more than this behind which to hide in excuse of their non-action. It remains that the greatest sin attributable to Pontius Pilate was a similar refusal to take authority and to be responsible, when there was an easy way out.

Soldiers' Pay and Veterans' Pension

LIKE most other journalists, we would rather not talk about soldiers' pay and veterans' pensions. Even if there were no other deterrents (and there are), it goes against the grain to do so. We are (still) at home in safety while our fellows are in camp or battlefield. Moreover, we know that production workers are well paid, many of them indeed receiving higher wages than they ever dreamed of. No form of words can conjure away this gigantic concrete inequality between soldiers and civilians, or make decent patriots anything but profoundly uneasy while it endures. And in common with other decent patriots, we are affected (so far as our emotions go) by the more than doubling of the modicum representing the basic service salary mainly in the direction of feeling a certain relief, a tiny assuagement measured by the difference between $21 and $50.

But that is not really citizen talk, and it is impossible *as* citizens not to experience great uneasiness when we add up the factors of the situation. It is an election year. The lower house of Congress, of which a much larger number proportionately will come before the voters, resisted the Senate figure of $42, doubling basic peace time pay, and restored its own original $50. And while all of this was done openly, it is equally true that there was a disquieting absence of that public debate which educates the rank and file of citizens, supplanting the lower motive by the higher, and rousing them to exert pressure on their elected representatives. The natural ralliers and leaders of such debate, the newspapers, and the Executive, did not function with normal energy. An exception to the general reluctance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be noted in the case of The American Veterans' Association, Inc., with headquarters at 271 Madison Avenue, New York. Honorably alive to the danger, it has printed brief analyses of the congressional debates on soldiers' pay, and a warning based upon parallels between the vote-getting pension grabs of 1918 and pending pension legislation today. There may be—it is to be hoped there are—other exceptions also. Happily, it can be recorded that the Administration indicates opposition to the bill which would provide for widows and children of veterans not injured in the service.

It is an imperative part of the citizen's duty to keep a check upon his representatives, whether they are passing laws to govern him or appropriating money for which his taxes will pay. It is not necessarily an unhealthy thing for Congress to increase even so staggering a budget as ours by pay and pension legislation, even in an election year. But it is unhealthy for the great body of the citizens to acquiesce as it were passively. This is to do the country a grave political injury; it is to degrade, besides, the soldier's real service. For those who remain at home do not (in a free society) hire those at the front to fight. The soldier is performing the basic civic duty of defending his country. Whatever incidental easing of his lot may be in order (he should for instance have no economic anxiety about his dependents), his bravery and sacrifice are not bought. He is enduring, not as a professional mercenary, but for the whole body of which he is a part, and can no more be paid to die if he must that his society may live than the mother can be paid to die if she must that her baby may come into the world. That is why the soldier, and the mother, are so supremely honored in our traditions.

Wong Kim Ark II

IF ANYONE thought that our comment on the Senate Immigration Committee's approval of a bill threatening the rights of naturalized American citizens was much ado about a dusty document that one might hope would never be translated into law, let him consider what has since taken place in a court room in San Francisco. It appears that an organization called the "Native Sons of the Golden West" is desperately concerned because American born Japanese voted by mail at a recent municipal bond election. Mandated by this patriotic Californian group, a former attorney general of California, Mr. U. S. Webb, appeared in the Federal District Court to plead that the names of these Japanese citizens be stricken from the rolls. He asserted that the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was simply to enfranchise the Negro. "It excludes the Chinese, the Japanese, Hindus, Hottentots and the islanders of the Pacific." Under any more liberal interpretation there would be no limit to the eligibility of human beings born in the United States for citizenship. If Darwin is right, what would stop us from giving citizenship to "any chimpanzee born in an American zoo."

If anyone thought that our last week's comment was a waste of time in that it defended a position whose justice would be recognized automatically by the vast majority of Americans, let him now judge for himself to what extent the rights of citizenship are generally recognized. We were dismayed—and we were among the first to be dismayed—by what occurred in the Senate Committee. We are now extremely worried at seeing so immediate a practical reflection of the Committee's attitude taking place at the opposite end of the country. We cannot help but feel that this attack on the principles decided in the Wong Kim Ark case of 1898 is a grave symptom of a growing distrust for all identifiable foreign minorities in this country. In this matter, as in many others, the rhetoric of the American way of life can lull us into a false security that this way of life is so deeply believed in by all of us that it is above challenge and safe from any attack. A war inevitably tests this way of life, threatens the constitutional armature which supports it, but in the crucible of war that way of life must be made to come out strengthened.

Mr. Webb, in an extraordinary language all his own, talks about "citizenizing and decitizenizing" with all the facility that a certain type of employer—with no social conscience—sometimes uses when hiring and firing for his own personal convenience. We fear that a growing number of Americans obsessed by their own particular regional fears and dislikes may gradually be led into the belief that citizenship is something which can be given or withdrawn whenever any organized popular emotion condescends to grant it, or demands that it be denied. The long history of our country cries out that the concept of citizenship be granted greater respect. Otherwise it would be more secure to be the subjects of a king. In every sector of our national life, now that war is here, it is necessary that we all should defend, here, the liberties we proclaim before the world. Where those liberties are based on mutual respect, the effort demanded of all of us is our own effort and our own personal action. But where those liberties have been codified, where the forms of American life have been defined—after so long a struggle, after such meditation, so deliberately—then the effort to protect these definitions and this reasoned code lies immediately in our courts and in our legislature. It is our duty to watch every move they make and to oppose with our traditional Americanism all those who would bring the pressure of their hatreds and their threats, chattering like chimpanzees, into the halls of justice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What about Marriage?

Is our world a world for caution?

By **Walter John Marx**

THE immediate effect of war is always a sharp increase in the marriage rate. Even before we entered the present conflict, many young men married, we were told, in the hope of evading the draft. Yet surely the causes of marriage are so complex that it is difficult to isolate any single one. It is scarcely credible that many young men would marry any girl who happened along simply in order to avoid serving in the army. In most cases there must have already existed a strong attachment, and the march of history simply hastened the event.

Then also there is a certain emotional tension which arises from the vast changes taking place in the heart of society as a result of war effort. Not only production, but the whole pace of national life, the intensity of social interaction, speed up. And this helps to precipitate marriages.

From the standpoint both of individuals and of society, what should be our attitude toward marriage in the present circumstances? As advisers of youth, what should we say to young people? Should we encourage them to wait until the present emotional tension is over, until the return of "normalcy"? Should we emphasize all the dangers and uncertainties of marriage today? What would be the results if we so acted, and our advice were taken?

First, we must grant that all the Church—and common sense—says about hasty marriages still holds. What follows is in no way intended to encourage marriage on too short acquaintance. But should young people who normally would marry wait until the war is over and until society is once more functioning normally? If we dare advise them to do so, we may not only be responsible for ruining their chances of happiness, but we may condemn our society to serious hurt.

The present state of our world is more serious than even the most pessimistic dream. It is comparable to periods in the past history of man which saw the crash of empires and the collapse of civilizations. In many ways, Saint Augustine or Pope Gregory the Great would be far better equipped to understand the nature of the present crisis than leaders of our time who are infatuated with the present, with dreams of the past and with a foolish hope of recreating after the present conflict a world which has already gone forever. Whether we like to confess it or not, we find ourselves in the midst of a civilization that is cracking up. As Christians we could scarcely have been very enamored of this civilization, characterized as it was by greed, selfishness, exploitation, the worst sort of materialism and unbelief. We really can have but little interest in trying to attempt the impossible *tour de force* of reversing the wheel of history in order to recapture such a world. Rather, like Saint Augustine and Pope Gregory, we must face forward, look to the future, not the past, and set bravely forth to create out of the ruins of this collapsing civilization a much finer one, one more in harmony with the eternal verities, one more fully cognizant of the true nature of man.

In view of the crucial quality of the history of this century, what man today can tell us when our world will return to normal? We have no idea concerning the probable length of the present war. Historical parallels are dangerous, but we do have evidence of wars that have lasted a hundred years and more. Even the wars of Napoleon lasted a whole generation. What would have happened to France if her young people had decided to wait "until the end of the war" before marrying? Many high-placed officials believe the present war may be over in ten years time. But who knows? Conceivably, there could be a balancing of powers which might prolong the war indefinitely, perhaps for more than a generation. Even if the war can be brought to an end sooner than we expect, will the post-war world be the sort of a place we could call normal?

The fearful may well argue that we should not bring children into the sort of a world that is likely to follow immediately after the present conflict. But again, what is the alternative? The fundamental test of the vitality of any nation is its ability to survive. No matter what happens to the world there must be marriages and children to carry on after us. The timorous and the weak will cut themselves off by being afraid to marry and to have children. The world of tomorrow will belong to those who are brave enough and who have sufficient trust in God to marry and raise their families in the confidence that inspired the Christians in the declining years of the Roman Empire when the whole world seemed to be crashing about their ears.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Youth's duty

The young people of our day have a tremendous duty to perform, and for the sake of the future society it is fortunate that this duty is in line with their personal desire to marry and have a home, even though the husband may soon be called away and even though there is no longer any economic security in the older sense of the term. We cannot see far ahead, but we can trust in the intelligence and the strength God has given us to surmount the dangers which face us. With a wife behind him, a man will fight twice as hard and will work far more doggedly and ingeniously to rebuild the post-war world.

It can be argued that as the times became more uncertain, the Romans feared to marry. Their writers deplore the reluctance of young bachelors to take wives. A time came when there were scarcely any more Romans left. Not only the armies but even many holders of the imperial title were recruited from among the barbarians, who, living on the edge of perpetual insecurity, had none of the fears of the Romans about bringing children into the world. The new world, the world of the middle ages, was built by the descendants of these barbarians. It is up to us to choose whether the world of the next centuries will be built by our own descendants or by those of the prolific peoples of the Orient.

Winning the present war is immensely important, but in itself that will not determine the fate of the world to come. The declining years of every great civilization the world has ever known were characterized by a series of major wars out of which one power emerged victorious but weakened dreadfully in men and wealth, ready for some emergent, unknown barbarian people to push over its empty shell. Oswald Spengler, in speaking of the last war, called it, "the first thunder and lightning out of the storm clouds which hover fateful over the twentieth century." He believed it was but the prologue to a series of world wars out of which would finally come some unified world power. There is really no more guarantee now than in 1917, that this is truly a war to end all wars. A young couple might very easily waste their lives away waiting, even for a fugitive return of peace; and economic security such as our grandfathers knew is out of the grasp of all our generation.

The civilization of the Western World is in flux. Judging from the numerous examples of similar phenomena in history cited by Professor Toynbee in his monumental study of the disintegration of civilizations, this period of warfare, of insecurity and of trouble, may well go on for two centuries or more. Whether we like it or not, we must adjust our lives to insecurity and uncertainty. In many ways this can be more interesting than a life of monotonous safety. It is more dangerous, but by that very fact can be more thrilling. Many years ago Simon Patten wrote an interesting little book, "Product and Climax," which contrasted the life, rich in climax, of primitive man, with each day full of thrills and dangers, life a constant battle for existence, and the life of modern man, rich in all sorts of products but lacking in climax, with each workday so often a monotonous repetition of the last, with each workman often making but a single item and never seeing the finished article, never enjoying the thrill of accomplishing a task, the climax which the savage hunter feels as he makes his kill.

We know the terrible uncertainty of life from, say, the fifth to the tenth centuries of our era. As late as the ninth century the whole area between the Rhine and the sea was devastated by the Norsemen. Monasteries, churches, homes and cities were burned and the dwellers therein slaughtered. But life went on when the Norsemen retreated; men rebuilt their homes, others came in, families were raised and in only a century's time we saw the dawn of that flourishing urban life which characterized the opening of the middle ages in the Low Countries.

It is true that it is difficult for us to accomplish the mental somersault needed to adjust our thinking to regard a long period of uncertainty and crisis as "normal" for our lives and for those of our children. We are so deeply anchored in the past that we cannot shake off a vast yearning for the security that many at least then enjoyed. But we must realize that that world is gone forever and that it is our duty to adjust our lives to the times in which we live. We cannot look upon marriage through the same glasses, say, as did our grandparents. Although, if we wish to go back far enough even in American history we can find innumerable examples of courage among our pioneer ancestors who married in circumstances even more precarious than those existing in our own day and age.

If young people have faith in God, courage and health, have completed their educations, have known each other a sufficiently long time, there is no reason why they should not marry now, even though events may separate them eventually for a considerable time. Any other counsel is one of despair or of a blind and fatuous confidence in the coming back of a dead world. Sometime, perhaps not in our day, but perhaps in the time of our children or of our grandchildren, some sort of a world order will be created. If we wish to inspire that order with ideals higher than those which caused the crash of our world, it is essential that we pass on the precious core of our heritage, the ideals given us through Augustine and Gregory and countless others who lived through times comparable to our own, ideals pushed aside for some centuries by a money-mad world. We can-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not do this if we do not marry and have children. The span of one man's life is too short, but his work and his ideals can be carried on through the generations by those who come after him. If we do not take up the task of building a new world we can be sure that other peoples, undoubtedly our present enemies, will do so. We still have time to choose.

The Greatness of a Small Country

Luxembourg would not arm but resists valiantly.

By **Wilhelm Solzbacher**

"PLEASE, tell us all you can about France, Belgium and Holland. But why do you want to talk on Luxembourg as well? Isn't that really too unimportant? And don't you think that it was a serious mistake to let such midget states continue their independent existence on the European map?" I was sorry, but I was in complete disagreement with my program chairman. Luxembourg has as good a case for its independence as any other country, and it is certainly not inappropriate that its story should be told by somebody who knows it well.

Luxembourg is not the land where my fathers died, but the land where my children were born—three of them—and where we lived seven happy years among an industrious and sympathetic people. That included the first six months of World War II with all their uncertainties and invasion threats and the roaring of the cannon and the sound of bombing-plane motors in the air, not always outside our neutral boundaries. On the last day of the second war month our youngest child was born. We had been in great anxiety whether everything would remain quiet on the Eastern frontier and whether the taxi-driver would have enough gas to get my wife to the maternity hospital. Fortunately everything went well. But the first sound which little Eve-Mary heard in this world was the boom-boom of the guns and the crashing of bombs—a terrible artillery and air bombardment was going on beyond the Moselle river, a few miles away. . . . We left the Grand Duchy six weeks before the nazis dropped their parachutists over Luxembourg and made a large section of the peaceful little country a theater of war. But we know from many sources how things happpened and how the Luxembourgers are suffering under the hardships of German occupation and "colonization." They are resisting obstinately, and more than ever the last verse of the "He'mecht," their national anthem, expresses their deepest feelings: "Oh God in heaven, who leadest the nations through the world, save this country of Luxembourg from suffering and the foreign yoke! When we were little children, thou gavest us the spirit of freedom. Let the sun of liberty never cease to shine upon us!".

Its importance

Luxembourg was and is important as an industrial country. In the production of iron and steel it used to rank sixth among all the nations of the world. Eventually it was surpassed by such countries as Canada and Italy, and it is now number 9 or 10, but still far ahead of Sweden, Spain and Hungary. For many years the Arbed Palace in Luxembourg was the headquarters of the International Steel Convention.

Up to May 10, 1940, the Luxembourgers were one of the happiest peoples in the world. They had an efficient government and a democracy which deserved its name. They had progressive labor legislation and kept the world's record in ratifications of ILO conventions. Taxes were lower and wages higher than in any of the big neighboring countries. I am, of course, not referring to the workers' nominal income, but to their purchasing power. The German invaders ordered a general increase of wages by 45 percent, while the cost of living skyrocketed by 80 percent. All the innumerable taxes, compulsory and "voluntary" contributions which had existed in Germany long before, but were absolutely unknown in free Luxembourg, take away a considerable portion—up to two-fifths of the nominal income.

Luxembourg City was for centuries the strongest fortress on the European continent. Its charm was sung by Goethe in his "Campaign in France." The fortifications have been dismantled long ago, but their ruins used to attract innumerable tourists. For miles and miles you can walk through underground galleries which were constructed by the greatest fortress builders of Burgundy and Spain, France and Austria, the Netherlands and Prussia. Echternach, where the shrine of Saint Willibrordus and the famous dancing procession attracted pilgrims from all over the world, Vian-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

den, where Victor Hugo lived, and Clervaux with its Benedictine Abbey are shining gems in the crown of the Grand Duchy.

There was a time when Luxembourgers ruled the European world. Henry VII was the first Duke of Luxembourg to become Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. His tomb is in the cathedral of Pisa. Three centuries before him, Saint Cunegonde had left Luxembourg to marry Henry, Duke of Bavaria, who became Emperor and a saint of the Church. Henry VII's grandson, Emperor Charles IV, Duke of Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, resided in the Golden Prague, which he made one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The geographic and strategic location of Luxembourg has been sometimes a blessing, but more often a curse for the ordinary folk who had to pay the price for the glories of their ever-changing foreign rulers. The heart of the people was only in one pledge of allegiance: in that solemn treaty which the city and country of Luxembourg concluded with the Holy Virgin. Almost three centuries ago—in a solemn act of dedication—the Governor of Luxembourg, who represented then the King of Spain, followed by the clergy and the representatives of the burghers, laid down the keys of the city on the altar of the *Consolatrix Afflictorum*. Twenty years later the ceremony was repeated for the whole country. Ever since then the people of Luxembourg have remained loyal to their heavenly Sovereign. Nothing compares in splendor and enthusiasm with the annual "octave" which attracts hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to the shrine of Our Lady of Luxembourg. They come from every parish of the Grand Duchy and from those territories in Belgium, Germany and France which once belonged to it.

After 1815

After the Napoleonic wars the Congress of Vienna (1815) made Luxembourg a Grand Duchy—at the price of cutting large slices of its territory away for the benefit of Prussia and France. The King of the Netherlands became Grand Duke of Luxembourg, but the country was to be a Member State of the Germanic Confederation. To make things even more complicated, Luxembourg was to be a federal fortress with a Prussian army of occupation. The people of Luxembourg did not find that very satisfactory. They detested their Prussian "protectors" and disliked their Dutch rulers. In the Belgian Revolution most of them sympathized with the insurgents, but Prussian troops made it impossible for the capital to join the Belgians. Eventually the larger, but less important, section was cut away from the Grand Duchy and given to Belgium, where it now forms the Belgian province of Luxembourg, while the rest remained under the Dutch King-Grand Duke. Its independence and neutrality were stipulated in the first London Treaty (1839). The government and administration came more and more into the hands of Luxembourgers. When the Prussian-Austrian war of 1866 killed the Germanic Confederation, Luxembourg refused to join the new North German Federation which was founded under the chairmanship of the King of Prussia and under the actual leadership of Bismarck. The King of Holland, who found the Grand Duchy somewhat troublesome, was inclined to accept an offer of Napoleon III to "buy" Luxembourg, whereupon Bismarck threatened war. The crisis led to the intervention of England and Russia. The London Treaty of 1867 decided upon the perpetual independence, neutrality and disarmament of Luxembourg, under the guarantee of the Great Powers.

In 1890 the Dutch dynasty came to an end. King William III died without leaving a son, so the Dutch parliament changed the succession law to enable his daughter Wilhelmina to succeed him. Luxembourg refused to do the same. The next male relative was Adolf of Nassau, whom Bismarck had dethroned in 1866. He became Grand Duke of Luxembourg. His son, William, had daughters only, and the Luxembourg parliament did what the Dutch parliament had done. Lovely and pious Marie-Adélaide became Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. She was eighteen years old when her country was invaded by the Germans, who had solemnly guaranteed its neutrality. The Kaiser made his headquarters in Luxembourg City, a few blocks away from the Grand Ducal Palace. Marie-Adélaide refused to see him. Later she was compelled to make some concessions to the occupying power. After the allied victory in 1918, she resigned and was succeeded by her sister Charlotte. Under her the dynasty became extremely popular, and if there were in 1918 some republicans in Luxembourg, there are none left today. When the second invasion came in May, 1940, she escaped with her husband, Prince Felix of Bourbon, and her six children—among them the heir to the throne, 2-year-old Prince Jean—and is now living in Canada.

Since 1918

In the Treaty of Versailles Germany was forced to consent in advance to any decision of Luxembourg to give up its neutrality and rebuild its fortifications. But the Grand Duchy never failed to make it clear that it did not intend to make use of that right and that the article in question had not been inserted in the treaty on its request or with its approval. Luxembourg did not sign the Versailles Treaty. It could not change, in the opinion of the Luxembourg Government, Luxembourg's status under the London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treaty (1867)—with all its obligations, rights and guarantees. The Grand Duchy continued to observe scrupulously all its obligations under that treaty. When it joined the League of Nations, it was made clear that no military assistance could be expected from a country which had no armed forces.

Several times after 1918 attempts were made to persuade Luxembourg to come to an agreement with France and/or Belgium regarding the construction of fortifications on Luxembourg territory. The Grand Duchy always refused to arm and wanted its safety to be based exclusively on its friendly attitude toward everybody and on the solemn declarations of the Great Powers not to touch its independence. Those declarations were repeated during this war by Germany as well as by the Allies—until Adolf Hitler did what the Kaiser had done . . .

From the historic, racial and linguistic point of view the Luxembourgers are a mixed people. They have much in common with each of their neighbors, but they are neither Germans nor Frenchmen nor Belgians. The language which is spoken by everybody is a dialect, of German origin, but with an enormous amount of French words and locutions. Both French and German were official languages and taught in all schools before the nazi invasion. So really the population was tri-lingual. The ordinary people found German easier, while many intellectuals preferred French. That had been so for centuries and centuries. There are French-sounding as well as German-sounding names in the Grand Duchy. The Prime Minister's name is Pierre Dupong, his colleagues in the Government are Messrs. Bech, Krier, Bodson and Margue. Mr. Margue was prevented by German parachutists from leaving the country; the other four form Luxembourg's Government-in-Exile, with headquarters in Montreal and London.

It has been said that common sense sometimes degenerates into materialism. I remember the indignation of a Luxembourg daily newspaper when a foreign journalist had written that Luxembourg is a country where the medical profession has no use for psychiatrists and nerve specialists, but where there is a tremendous need for stomach doctors. There was perhaps a certain amount of truth in that joke. Personally I have found that in difficult times it is much easier to get along with persons who like good eating and drinking than with people who are mentally and emotionally unbalanced. It is not easy to arouse the Luxembourger's enthusiasm. But once convinced of something, he sticks to it. The dancing procession of Echternach and the "octave" pilgrimages of Luxembourg City are sufficient proof that the stories about the prosaic and materialistic attitude of that little people are grossly exaggerated.

There has never been a lack of enthusiasm and determination, when the democratic liberties and the independence of the Grand Duchy were at stake. In 1939 Luxembourg celebrated the centenary of the first London Treaty in a series of ceremonies in which patriotic feelings reached their peak. For months the country was flooded with pageants, fireworks, songs and banquets, expressions of the people's unconditioned loyalty to their way of life, their Constitution and their Grand Duchess. Of course the centenary was just a welcome pretext—the Treaty of 1839 was much less important for Luxembourg than the one of 1867—but everybody knew that danger was near for Luxembourg's peace and freedom. The last verse of one of their national songs was the universal slogan: *Mir velle bleiwe wat mir sin* ("We want to remain what we are!") and you could also frequently hear its unofficial variation: *Mir welle jo keng Preise gin* ("We do not want to become Prussians!").

September, 1939

When war came in September, 1939, everything was done to enforce Luxembourg's strict neutrality. The radio station, one of the most powerful in the world, was closed down in order not to give any pretext of an "un-neutral attitude" to the would-be invader. Newspapers published the war communiqués of all belligerents without comment. Espionage for either side was forbidden on Luxembourg territory. I learned myself how efficiently that prohibition was carried out, when I accompanied two American journalists on a tour along the German frontier, where new fortifications of the Westwall were under construction. One of my colleagues could not resist the temptation to take a picture or two, whereupon we were suddenly surrounded by half a dozen grand ducal gendarmes who had come on bicycles and brought us to gendarmerie headquarters in Echternach. It took us several hours to answer all the questions which we were asked, to produce our credentials and to convince the police chief that we were not working for the British Intelligence Service.

Again and again the German authorities stated solemnly that they would always respect Luxembourg's neutrality. That did not prevent them from sending their aircraft over its neutral territory, and Luxembourgers had few illusions about their Eastern neighbors. They knew it would take a miracle to save their peaceful country from invasion. And it was in order to implore heaven for such a miracle that pilgrimage after pilgrimage went to the Shrine of Our Lady of Luxembourg, to the Tomb of Saint Willibrordus and to the other places of worship and pilgrimage. But the miracle did not happen.

In the night from May 9 to 10 parachutists

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and transport planes landed all over the Grand Duchy, tanks, guns and trucks were moved in, and the plans which had been carefully prepared for months or even for years were put into action. The population had hoped that in such a case the French army would occupy at least the industrial South and the capital, but nothing of the kind happened. Hitler's General Gullmann became military commander of Luxembourg.

"Civil" administration

The military administration lasted until August 7, 1940. It was hard and brutal, but nothing at all in comparison with what happened afterwards, when nazi Gauleiter Gustav Simon, an individual with a notorious criminal record, made his entry as head of what is called the German Civil Administration, with orders from Hitler to make Luxembourg "German again." The Gestapo established their headquarters in the Villa Pauly which every Luxembourger knows today as "Villa Knupp-Mech" (Villa Thrash Me) because of the cruel maltreatment of prisoners in its basement. The words "Grand Duchy," the national songs, the use of the French language were forbidden, all organizations either dissolved (with confiscation of their property) or incorporated in some nazi organization. A number of Fifth Columnists —German citizens who had been living in Luxembourg under some innocent pretext and a few, very few, native Quislings—support the Gauleiter and are in universal contempt. A German Racial Movement (V.D.B., *Volks-Deutsche Bewegung*) and a Luxembourg Hitler Youth (V.J., *Volks-Jugend*) were founded and membership was made compulsory for a good many classes of the population. But the people do not cooperate. The V.D.B. is referred to as *Verein der Banditen* ("Gangsters Union") or—by those who join in order not to lose their daily bread—as *Versorge Dein Brot* ("Secure Your Bread"). The "Leader" of that "movement" is a Professor Kratzenberg who used to teach German and is of German extraction. The customs union with Belgium was dissolved, a customs union with Germany established.

Then German currency and German laws—today that means German lawlessness—were introduced. All newspapers were "synchronized," their editors fired, imprisoned, assassinated. Monsignor Origer, editor of the Catholic daily newspaper *Luxembourger Wort,* died in June, 1941, in the dreaded SS Prison in Berlin.

Monasteries and convents were dissolved, their inmates expelled. The famous Benedictine Abbey of Clervaux was raided by night and the monks given one hour to leave. They were allowed to take one small suitcase each and were taken to Bastogne, Belgium, where they were told: "Now run!" A similar procedure was followed at Hohwald. The convent on Antwerp Street was cleared out in two hours' time and the nuns left in the street.

There are daily arrests of people who listen to the London radio—which has a weekly program in the Luxembourg dialect—or are guilty of anti-German utterances. In January, 1941, members of the Comité du Salut Publique, an underground organization, were rounded up by the Gestapo and given long terms of imprisonment. Some time later members of another secret organization, the L.P.L. (Luxembourg Patriotic League) had the same fate. According to recent newspaper reports, there have been a number of executions for sabotage.

Mr. Pierre Krier, Minister of Labor, has written and published an interesting pamphlet, "Luxembourg under German Occupation," which was distributed at the ILO conference last October. In a recent letter, Mr. Pierre Dupong, President of the Luxembourg Government, tells me that an official White Book on events and conditions in the Grand Duchy is in preparation. Luxembourg has signed—through its diplomatic representative in Washington, Mr. Hugues Le Gallais—the Twenty-Six Nations Agreement of January 2, 1942, and will gladly cooperate in any schemes of post-war reconstruction which are acceptable for the others, just as it gave in the past its wholehearted support to the League of Nations and the ILO. But Luxembourgers definitely want to remain Luxembourgers and to keep their own free institutions. Their faith and their determination is unbroken. In Mr. Krier's pamphlet a German officer is quoted as saying: "It is easier to kick a regiment of savages into shape than to make half a dozen of Luxembourgers understand that they are Germans."

Arclights at Evening

A man at first glance might not know
whether Venus at their end aglow
were star or one more arc-light there
where in a straggling line they go
lemon yellow into orange afterglow.

Something there is about them in the twilight air,
strung out against the western rim,
that makes a man feel something inside flower—

something more than arc-lights in that last hushed hour
when the little owl calls sadly,
and the hyla choir pulses madly;

—something that goes out from him, goes on from where
the streetlights end, full circle over prairie rim
and hills beyond, something restless,
owning him.

AUGUST DERLETH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latin from the Cradle

Thoughts from a teacher's notebook.

By **Ella Frances Lynch**

WEE MALACHI hungers and thirsts for Latinity. Plucking out of the very atmosphere a sanctified phrase, he mulls it over all the day long, seeking meanwhile to ambush additional Latin for his thesaurus. As all things nourish what is strong already, so every word about God strengthens faith in God. Everything in prayer, proverb, or prophecy that rhymes or sings, whether Latin, Gaelic or English, touches Malachi's heart, hence establishes itself for all times in his rapidly-growing vocabulary. The curate gives him a wonder-working verb, "Resurgam, resurgamus," buoys up the nascent patriotism of the little gourmand of milk and potatoes, and deepens his love of the higher learning, a knowledge of God's goodness which reduces all other science to its true perspective of incidentals, depending for mastery on keen observation of living nature and a minuscular attention to the meanings of words. So as it grew plain that Malachi wanted to learn and therefore knew how to learn, the good father leads him one morning to the school and bids the Master "Give him mim'ry." Malachi, with the other yearlings, absorbs the Latin equivalent of the prayers he had been reciting daily in melodious Gaelic ever since he could crawl—the *In Nomine Patris,* The Rosary of the "Patther—'n'—Arvies," the Litanies, the *Credo,* the *Confiteor.* Behold, then, in no time at all, he leads the whole diminutive crew in the coveted dignity of "Latin for Mass-Servers," chanting his supplications and thanksgivings from a field-stone as his *point d'appui* and the hard earth floor as his kneeling bench.

Malachi, as you will have surmised, lived in Ireland, where children got their education at home from pious, even if unlettered, parents, and their schooling from Masters to whom the rich contributed a "tooshun fee" of two turfs a day, the poor paying in God's coin. So Malachi, at a later stage, got his Greek and Hebrew and mathematics and scripture in the same schoolroom, where all the scholars listened to all the lessons, then away to the Continent for his seminary course. As the fisherman-father remarked, "quare things happen."

They can't happen here, however, where Latin is contraband during the year in which it might become a language to think with—unless the parents risk the bootleg traffic, as did many a good Lutheran parent continuing to teach their little ones Latin when Congress ruled out "them furrin tongues."

Today, State Departments of Education plead politely, "The program is so extensive—composed almost entirely of 'constants' up to, and including, eighth grade, we have no room." "Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskilful words?" Hah, the ring of ancient doom: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

This example of the densified curriculum of "constants," tenoned and mortised together so securely that the wraith of a living idea can not steal in at a joint, brings to mind the plight of the plethoric old Cumberland farmer who, shod with thick-soled clogs, mounted his galloway but stuck in his stirrups, a new invention, and sat on horeback all night. Suddenly at a bright idea from the session of neighbors pondering his evil dispensation, he was lifted off, saddle and all. But how unjoint him? At last, by the scholar's advice, they hoisted him out of his clogs.

As one who has striven to teach children the "constants" from kindergarten to college, then encountered the perils of founding the Schools of Individual Instruction, which jettisoned the deadwood and shifted language-beginnings to the primary precincts as nature intended, the writer confesses an unappeased avidity to turn the current of instruction back to the oldtime simple roster of early Church schools. Simplicity being the soil in which flourishes moral and material weal, such as obedience, humility, industry, as well as economy of time, money, and teaching effort, hope surges that the thrift-drive shall favor the break-up of our densified school program.

* * *

I see no reason why we should not have Latin *ab Ovo.* I see no reason why Latin couldn't be taught in our Catholic elementary schools. The whole idea is so logical that it should impress parents and teachers. A logical school course? This calls to mind a comment by Canon Sheehan on his unhappy hero: "He thought men were led by logic—one of his many mistakes."

In the view of Father Skahill, a veteran teacher, "The person who teaches Latin to Catholic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boys shares in no small way the responsibility of developing vocations to the priesthood." And in similar vein writes William Franklin Sands, "I have never been able to see why our Catholic schools had to give up the commanding position they once held in order to follow faulty notions completely uprooted from tradition."

Just why the Catholic school should drop from its roster the mother-tongue of Christianity is what the newscaster calls "anybody's guess." All down the ages Latin has held the post of responsibility next to religion, being the verbal backbone of philosophy and theology, the kingpin even of the American tutorial system wherein the fathers of our country imbibed sturdy Christian principles. In the schools of Western Europe during the greatest centuries, it was a cast-iron practice to teach sub-adolescents Latin and the vernacular side by side; even an additional language or two did not harass the pupil but forestalled school-created dullness and strengthened character and scholarship. We moderns reject the subject that makes the shepherd lad the king's equal. *Quod infirmus non consolidastis.*

* * *

"Oh, but it's no good teaching Latin to young children," rails the prejudicator, "they forget it as fast as they learn it."

Ah, but nature herself shouts an angry denial of this unstable charge. The language we learn early we carry with us to the grave. Thomas Casey, 98, the oldest altar boy functioning in Eire, remembers his mother bringing him to Father Meehan to learn the serving of Mass. To reassure you, he begins the opening Psalm, reciting in faultless Latin both priest's and server's parts. And poor old Colonel Newcomb: "The chapel bell began to toll, and his hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called."

* * *

The love of Latin takes possession of a six- to ten-year-old child provided he is exposed to the contagion of its sonorous syllables. Being musical, rhythmical, it has the artistic elements indispensable to the pre-adolescent stage. Of course this is not to command the Latin of Caesar which, aiming to be factual, is quite unsuitable, but the Latin of the Vulgate is a different thing, simple, harmonious, fitting the infant's soul-needs, plainly designed for these wonder-years when he loves above all else to hear about God. To call Latin dead is an extravagant absurdity, when it lives in millions of hearts and, more easily than not, may be implanted in millions more. And the earlier it becomes domesticated after change of teeth, the more abundant the harvest. It is Esperanto, not Latin, that is dead—having never been alive.

* * *

"What children would you say have the ability to learn Latin at the age of seven or eight?" asks a superintendent of schools.

"The same who learn English, then and earlier. Before the age of 7 it is not well to instruct children in Latin unless they have been hearing it at home, especially in the form of prayers, which makes it a vernacular. All have the gift of speech, but few have the gift of wisdom, which must be built up by religious discipline, to which Latin is a renowned tutelary genius."

"What allowances are you making for the mentally subnormal?" resumes the school man.

"None. Few children can be labelled *minus habent* at change of teeth, a defect due far oftener to faulty education than to an act of God. Many of these 'dumbbells' if taught Ecclesiastical Latin like the normal children, would develop the inherent gifts of a Shakespeare, a Dante or a true Religious, instead — as Nahum lamented — too many resemble in soul and mind the miserable ruin of Nineveh."

A teacher-mother narrates an instructive experience: "When my son Joe was nine, the school called him subnormal, so I took him home and tried my hand. Latin, first. When he had learned the vocabularies in *Orbis Vivus,* one word a day, we taught him prayers, *Pater Noster, Ave Maria,* then the *Confiteor,* at first the separate words, then a phrase at a time, then the altar boy's responses to the priest at Holy Mass. His joy was complete when these were mastered and the pastor allowed him to serve Mass."

The mother continues: "While instructing Joe, we paid no attention to Michael, who apparently was oblivious to all but his toys. One day when Joe hesitated for a word while reciting the *Confiteor,* Michael supplied it, and continued to say the prayer with Joe. Michael seemed to be as surprised as his mother that he had learned the *Confiteor* in Latin before he knew it in English. Both boys have acquired an extensive vocabulary. They like to call their toys and pets by their Latin names, and Joe delights in teaching his little brother the altar boy's responses."

The schoolman continues to cross-examine: "Who, if you please, cannot learn Latin?"

"He who meets his induction only in adolescence in a head-on collision with *Latin grammar,* when he is entirely ignorant of English grammar, and with no vocabulary in Latin or English, no will to learn, and no time, God help the child and the teacher. Here is a tale of woe unhappily typical of North America: "I teach Latin under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideal conditions—supplied with reference books, supplementary readers, maps, charts, etc. My principal is sympathetic. Yet I am on the verge of despair. At school I labor from 8 to 5. Through half the night I plan lessons and correct papers. Yet I find no way to prevent an unreasonable number of failures. My 'superior' pupils never do as much work as they could do, and the slow ones grow sadly accustomed to failure. Do give me your method."

This poor soul longs to inspire her pupils into rolling the rock of Sisyphus to the mountain peak. Yet by high school the days of virginal inspiration have long departed. The method that works with beginners of seven will no more function at fourteen than will the contrivance proposed by a neighbor serve to stimulate my coal into heat. "What, your fire gone out? Just sprinkle a little water on it and throw in a match. It'll blaze like so much kerosene."

* * *

It is kittle business fighting with a rubber sword against such an alliance as nature and Christian tradition. The Church Fathers, recognizing soul-enlargement as the basis of education, which in itself comprehends all good things, both temporal and eternal, taught Latin concomitantly with religion. Education, in their day was a slow, laborious and methodical process of building, with but few subjects to teach. "But these subjects," says Canon Sheehan, "produced brainy men. The brains of modern boys would snap asunder if they were forced to think."

How begin? Let us set the example of blessing ourselves and the child daily, frequently, in Latin, after the English for it is learned. The example is the thing: the child craves to do whatever his elders do. Next come the familiar things in nature, as Our Lord pointed out: Behold the lilies of the field, the fowls of the air, keeping in mind the kindly warning to observe His works. "Having eyes, ye see not; ears, ye hear not." Simple expressions, always in place: *Matrem amo, Deum amo, fratrem amo.* There is no lack of simple, beautiful Latin, enough even for a ten-year course in the Vulgate, beginning with the compelling first verse of Genesis: *In principio creavit Deus Caelum, et terram;* the Mass, Vespers, etc.

Pedagogical pitfalls. Common sense is the best safeguard. One writer tells us that the first exercises should be connected with pictures. Imagine teaching such words as hand, foot, head, bone, blood and so on, in connection with a picture-symbol rather than the thing itself. Another gives a method whereby "the work of memorizing can be much lightened if"—but where is the heaviness in memorizing words whose meaning is entirely familiar—*mater, pater, soror, arbor?* Such instructions must be aimed at word-learning in the adolescent stage, "the unnatural in nature," and not in the primary years. Who, anyhow, can visualize a cow, a cat, a hippopotamus from the picture solely?

Let us suppose our young Latinist has learned several dozens or hundreds of names, which is where primitive peoples begin; he has learned to read from the blackboard several verses of Genesis I, written precisely and distinctly by parent or teacher while the pupil observes: then give him such a list as the following:

PECORA	HERD-CATTLE
Taurus, vacca, et vitulus teguntur pilis.	the bull, the cow, and the calf are covered with hair.
Aries, ovis, et agnus, gestant lanam.	The ram, the ewe, and the lamb bear wool.
Caper, cum capra, et haedo, habent villos et aruncos.	The he-goat (billy-goat) with the nanny-goat and the kid, have shaggy hair and beards.
Aper et porcus habent setas, ut non cornua; etiam ungula bisulcas ut illa.	The wild boar and the pig have bristles, but not horns; also cloven feet, as those others.

In such a lesson, the teacher may expect to hear from bright little children—all children seem to be bright when started right—"Now don't help me; I can get this myself." Such an announcement indicates that character is being formed, backbone strengthened. Here we think affectionately of a pious Lutheran mother who, some thirty years ago, concluded that by learning Latin and reading the Bible in Latin she would help her only son. She did. She instructed him likewise. When he was old enough to enter college, she bade him goodbye each morning in the words: *"Fili mei, si te lactaverint peccatores, ne acquiescas eis."* (My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not). Today, he is a college president, honest and able.

In this paper I confine my remarks mainly to the seven to ten age, so we shall take a sample lesson that follows perhaps one year after the foregoing vocabulary, all of which is probably Biblical. By the age of nine or ten, a well-taught child will read by himself—having both the Latin and English passages—Isaias ii 6, and several succeeding verses:

Habitabit lupus cum agno: et pardus cum haedo accubabit: Vitulus et leo et ovis simul morabuntur, et puer parvulus minabit eos.

Vitulus et ursus pascentur; simul requiescent catuli eorum: et leo quasi bos comedet paleas. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Non nocebunt et non occident in universo monte sancto meo: quia repleta est terra scientia Domini, sicut aquae maris operientes.

Objections: "Of course, the child will pretend to know the Latin when he has the English translation." Ah, but a well-taught pupil does not "pretend" to anything. Not nature, but modern schooling trains children to cheat, mainly by giving them lessons too hard or too soft.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

A RECENT despatch from Vatican City brought the welcome news that the Pope had recovered from an attack of influenza and would be able to carry through with his part in the special service of prayer in St. Peter's Basilica on the eve of the Feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. As I am writing these lines on the day of the great feast, my memory goes back to the occasion when it was my privilege to be present in St. Peter's on the eve of this festival, and to behold what was assuredly one of the most moving, dramatic and profoundly symbolic spectacles that it is possible for a Catholic Christian to witness, namely, the sight of the Head of the Church, the lineal successor of Saint Peter, on whom, the Rock, Christ founded that Church, paying his annual traditional visit to the tombs of Peter and Paul, and then, all alone at his praying bench, surrounded at a distance by a few members of his private household, concentrating himself in personal prayer on behalf not only of the organized, visible Church but also of all the sons and daughters of God everywhere in the world, whether members or not of that visible, organized Church.

The Pope was Pius XI, and the time not long after the former librarian and chaplain to nuns had been called from his life of scholarship and prayer and after trial of active service for the Church in Poland and elsewhere had finally been chosen by his fellow Cardinals to fill the vacancy made by the death of Benedict XV. It had been Benedict who had observed and taken account of the abilities and qualities of the Milanese priest and placed him on the path that was to lead to the lonely eminence of St. Peter's Chair; just as it was Pius XI who from that eminence observed and made use of the abilities and qualities of the priest chosen by him as his secretary of state who now in his turn rules the Church throughout the world as Pius XII. The manner in which aristocratic quality, in character and abilities, not in mere birth, and democratic selectivity, so that prince or peasant alike are equals in opportunity, meet and work together in the system of the Catholic Church is a marvelous thing, and something, it seems to me, deserving far more study than students of history and statecraft, and of the management of human affairs, seem to have given it.

The Vatican prelate who arranged for me to be in St. Peter's that June 28 evening many years ago had for many weeks in succession been my guide, counselor and friend during an intensive study of the organization of the Church which afterward was the basis for a book on that subject which I wrote in collaboration with Julie Kernan. He himself was one of the most active journalistic workers I have ever known, being, in fact, the famous Monsignor Pucci who for so long a time has been by far the principal journalist directly connected with the Holy See. So practical were his activities that many secular correspondents in Rome who relied upon Monsignor Pucci for the bulk of the news they obtained from and concerning the Vatican sometimes professed to believe that they considered him to be a one-man monopoly of Catholic Church news at the very source, and probably much more interested in his monopoly than in the Church itself. Another case of how easy it is for those outside the Church to misunderstand and misinterpret the work and character of the clergy of a Church the very essence of which is its inner Spirit, and yet which at the same time is organized so that no outer, or material, need or requirement of humanity is neglected or ignored in its ministrations. For example, this busy journalist prelate, who was an expert in the history and canon law and liturgy and diplomacy of the Church, had given me the opportunity to see the Pope at his private prayer before the tombs of his spiritual ancestors, on the eve of the great feast of the human founders of the Church, because he believed that only by the knowledge and experience of the really spiritual forces within the Church could even a Catholic appreciate the necessity for the exterior organization of its affairs.

At the time I had my rare privilege I did my best to imagine what might be supposed to be present in the mind of the Holy Father as he prayed all alone in his mighty basilica; but, as I confessed to Monsignor Pucci, I knew that I could only guess and surmise at a most remote distance from the truth. And if I was in that state at that time, when, compared with today, both the Church and the world were tranquil and at peace, how would it be possible to imagine the thoughts visiting the mind of the Pope this year, as, fresh from his bed of illness, he knelt in the vast silence and solitude of St. Peter's to pray for aid in guiding the Church through the storms and strains of its present crisis? Vain would be such an effort, but Catholics throughout the world should certainly pray for the one who upholds all humanity from Saint Peter's Church.

Communications

IS MODERN CULTURE DOOMED?

Worcester, Mass.

TO the Editors: In the issue of THE COMMONWEAL for June 26, 1942, Walter John Marx states in his review of the book entitled "Is Modern Culture Doomed?" that the book bears no imprimatur. I wish to call your attention to the fact that the imprimatur appears on page 158, just after the index.

MAY A. DONAHUE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage & Screen

Broken Journey

SO MANY foreign correspondents have written best-sellers about themselves that it seems only fair that a stay-at-home playwright should cash in on their myth. In "Broken Journey" Andrew Rosenthal accepts the globe-trotting broadcasters at their self-value: glamorous bohemians equally superior to the selective service act and to the blandishments and mores of suburbia.

In the course of a pre-Pearl Harbor lecture tour, f. c. Dan Hardeen, accompanied by his helpmate mistress and her young daughter, finds himself enstaged in the Ohio suburb which considered him rather a booby before the course of history discovered his special talent. Rachel Arlen, a local widow who might have been Rachel Hardeen if she hadn't said no, invites the visiting celebrities to dinner, which extends itself through most of the 1941 winter. Rachel has a brother, overeducated for Ohio, i.e. an ineffectual parasite, who falls in hapless love with Hardeen's mistress while Hardeen warms to the notion of spending two consecutive Christmases on the same continent. Comes Pearl Harbor, and the NBC reserves four places on the trans-Pacific clipper; but only two are occupied. Christmas Eve finds Dan's stocking beside Rachel's atop the Ohio fireplace. But at midnight comes over the radio a familiar voice from Manila . . .

That's an unfair summary. Or would be if the author had penetrated his characters more deeply. A conventional, even a trite plot doesn't necessarily vitiate a play; often redeems it. The fault of "Broken Journey" is not so much its triteness as the *Ladies Home Journal* level of its population. Only rarely does its author deal with real people; more often he deals with popular myths: the myth of the transcendent glamor of footloose journalism and bohemian morals as contrasted to the myth of suburban Babbittry. This opposition might be legitimate material for drama if the intent were satirical in either direction; or if, as in Henry James's novels or, to choose a more popular example, J. P. Marquand's, the merits of both positions were fully explored and a reasonable choice indicated. "Broken Journey" gives hints of both these methods; offers isolated oases of witty or moving perception; but the dominating effect is of mechanical contrivance. The all-over treatment is as journalistic as the material.

Arthur Hopkins's direction, too, follows a generally journalistic pattern. Edith Atwater, Tom Powers, Phyllis Povah—we can expect professional type performances from each of these, and the first two over-reach the writing of their high scenes. Zita Johann overplays Rachel, especially facially. Warner Anderson, making his first Broadway appearance, is the logical I of countless foreign-correspondent autobiographies. Your favorite in the cast will probably be young Joan McSweeney, born in a wagon-lits but destined, surely, to reach majority in a star's dressing-room. *(At Henry Miller's.)*

Laugh, Town, Laugh

ED WYNN, despite the disadvantage of his clean mind, is one of our most ingratiating comics. His scatter-brained informality, his anxious lisp, his apologetic giggle, his broken-falsetto voice, his sealion gestures and haywire costumes are inescapably winning. And his characteristic confusion of actor and audience makes him the ideal master-of-ceremonies for a vaudeville potpourri such as "Laugh, Town, Laugh." He somehow manages, uniquely, to communicate the impression of watching his own success with gasping suspense from the twelfth row left.

During rehearsals, a trained mule named Uno broke Ed Wynn's hand, and said member was in a cast on opening night; but the only noticeable effect was the substitution of Ed's famous cracker-shooting routine for Uno. His goggle-eyed, manic face is seldom out of sight, enjoying his droll show with a standee's enthusiasm.

The chief novelty of "Laugh, Town, Laugh" is an envy-making badminton exhibition by two professional champions, Ken Davidson of Great Britain and Hugh Forgie of Canada. The prevailing tone is international: Cossack harmonists; Australian aerialists (the Herzogs); Argentinians (the Hermanos Williams Trio) performing music-hall acrobatics in samba rhythm; Señor Wences from Portugal alternating spectacular juggling with droll and adept ventriloquism; and Carmen Amaya and her gypsy troupe. Amaya's outstanding eurythmics are already familiar to night-clubbers: the tremendous masochistic pressure and contained frenzy of her flamenco dancing and the angry scorn of her expression and tense body. In sharp contrast, our native Jane Froman sings with juke-box authority "Sleepy Lagoon," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," and "Tea for Two"—the last atop an ambulatory piano pedalled by Maestro Wynn. There's a trained-dog act, of course—Hector and Pals—and as a bow to the past, Smith and Dale reproduce their celebrated "Dr. Kronkheit." *(At the Alvin.)*

The Chocolate Soldier

FOR THE benefit of New Yorkers lacking gasoline for their customary summer migrations, Carnegie Hall has installed an air-conditioning plant and inaugurated a repertory of popular-priced comic opera. First choice—"The Merry Widow" and works by Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml and Jerome Kern will follow—was Stanislaus Stange's English version of Oscar Straus's "The Chocolate Soldier," freely adapted from Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Limited in 1909 to a strictly milk diet, I missed the first production here of "The Chocolate Soldier." The only performance I've seen previous to the current one was in 1931 in the theater of the Monte Carlo Casino. To fit Carnegie Hall's larger stage, singing and dancing choruses and a first-act dream-ballet to music by Murray Rumsey and Carl Weber have been interpolated, as well as occasional jazz rhythms and such up-to-the-century slang as "guy." The result is a gain in spectacle and possibly in mass appeal, but a loss of Shavian irony. There's a suggestion of cuteness in all of Shaw's plays

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and most of all in "Arms and the Man," and "The Chocolate Soldier" emphasizes the cuteness at the expense of the irony. The operetta is more conventional and more dated than the play, but it constitutes pleasant summer entertainment, as the large and enthusiastic audiences have testified.

Hollywood's Allan Jones, in becomingly glamorous uniforms, sings and plays Lieutenant Bumerli in the best comic-opera tradition. Helen Gleason, in a rather heavier tradition, does operatic justice to the often-encored "My Hero." Frances Comstock as the heroine's mother, A. Russell Slagel as her father, Michael Fitzmaurice as her fiancé, and Doris Patson as her cousin lend praiseworthy support; veteran Detman Poppen's (Captain Massakroff) mustachios tended to interfere with his intelligibility. *(At Carnegie Hall.)*

DAVID BURNHAM.

Music OK; but the Plot

NO ONE expects the plots of musical pictures to be gems of writing; but sometimes one decides that it would be rather nice if the plot made sense. We are confronted with a group of films that have good music but whose stories fall flat on their own silly faces.

Those who like their music plenty hot will find that *"Syncopation"* fills the bill. It starts at a fast clip and with consideration of theme that looks as if it is going to give the Negro full credit for his importance in the evolution of jazz and swing. But along the line, producer-director William Dieterle allowed himself to become involved in a rambling story that couldn't be gathered into the confines of an hour-and-a-half film. Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville are entertaining as the youngsters whose love for "blues" finally brings them recognition and success. The pretentious story tries and fails to be highbrow with quotations from Walt Whitman and pseudo-philosophical statements about Jackie who wants one and one to make three and about "New Orleans, reckless daughter of the Mississippi." There's nothing wrong with the music as it runs a quick survey from 1906 to the '30s. Its good recording is helped by the Hall Johnson Choir, Connee Boswell and a rapid fire finale with outstanding band names. Todd Duncan as the leader of a Negro orchestra works up an enthusiasm that carries you a long way into the groove. The best sequence goes on a musical journey from New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis to Chicago with appropriate "blues" on the way. Too bad about that old debil plot.

Some of the army pictures turning up now were made before December seventh. Hollywood would hardly point to *"True to the Army"* as anything indicative of their sincere war effort. Its flimsy story has to do with a singing tight-rope walker (Judy Canova) who hides in an army camp to get out of the reach of gangsters. Fortunately Judy found Fort Bray good for something; as far as I could make out its main reason for existing is to stage the camp show that Allan Jones is directing to help morale there. The whole place seems to be one continuous lark with Ann Miller as the colonel's daughter (doesn't the *captain* ever have a daughter?) doing some superior tap dancing and Jerry Colonna doing his usual clowning. Nothing really constructive seems to be going on at this camp; and the inefficient doctors who mistake poison ivy for measles are downright destructive. Albert S. Rogell directed.

If you like Eleanor Powell's dancing, you'll have a chance to see her doing some of her best movements and taps in *"Ship Ahoy."* In between the numbers for which Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra furnish lively music, you have to sit through a silly concoction about a dancer who is fooled into taking a magnetized mine to Porto Rico for enemy agents, and some very dull comedy. Strangely enough, two good comedians like Bert Lahr and Red Skelton have to deliver the tripe. And it's Director Edward Buzzell who lets them amble along with nothing to do.

"Friendly Enemies" is not a musical, but its plot is just as flighty as any of those above. Producer Edward Small filmed the stage play by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman which was so popular during the last war; and Allan Dwan directed the screen adaptation as if it were a stage play. It hardly moves; and what little action there is takes place in a few sets. The theme about two German-Americans (one is pro-Germany) is interesting enough, but its treatment is so out-moded that one never believes it. Even with such good actors as Charles Winninger and Charlie Ruggles, arguing in thick German accents, the picture never becomes more than a series of scenes with two comedians shouting dialect jokes and bahing at each other like a couple of kids. The insipid result is not their fault, nor that of the romantic young couple involved (Nancy Kelly and James Craig), who can do nothing with their pasteboard rôles. Lines like "I'm not so young as I used to was" and "I wash your hands of me" may have been snappy repartee in 1918, but they're straight corn now. Maybe what this film needs is a good chorus and some gay music. I doubt if even that would save it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Quite a Vision

The Last Time I Saw Paris. Elliot Paul. Random. $2.75.

HERE, in direct observation, memories and emotions is a picture of one very short street in Paris and of how Mr. Paul came to live in that street and knew everyone who lived there with him. The book is an impassioned "Middletown" of one small unit in the huge federation of Paris. But unlike "Middletown" it aims at creating a unified emotional effect and it is deliberately a creative work of art. Mr. Paul tells us how these people in the rue de la Huchette earned their living, how much and what and where they drank, what were their love affairs, their vices, what they felt about the Spanish War, how in that one short street all the political passions that tore France apart also were present and divided the inhabitants in bitter opposition. Mr. Paul explains in minute detail the economics and practices of every shop, of the hotel in which he lived, of the bordel next door and, sometimes successfully and sometimes not, he shows the relation between that little island in the city to the life

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the great city surrounding it and to that of the nation and to that of Europe. And just as long as this relationship is seen as reflected in the talk and in the passions of the people in the rue de la Huchette and in the effect of the life of Paris and the nation and Europe on their lives, just as long as this whole story moves in Mr. Paul's own memories, the resulting document is real. Just as long as Mr. Paul's own partisan feeling, which is revolutionary but neither communist nor even socialist, springs from these direct sources, it represents with, at least, emotional accuracy—although with what appalling errors in transcribed French conversations—the feeling of many people in Paris and in France. Just as long as Mr. Paul writes with that almost physical sympathy for foreigners he knows well and who so readily accept his friendship—a sympathy which characterizes his best work—the book is successful and true. True to its central purpose: the evocation from the past of this street and of these people in the specific tone and coloring chosen by the author.

Unfortunately the only readers who can recognize and distinguish the tone—which sometimes echoes Eugene Dabit—and evaluate the facts are people who know Paris and France exceedingly well and who know contemporary French writing even better. Unfortunately the book was written for American publication and consequently Mr. Paul could not write it as it interested him to write it, could not limit it as it should have been limited. He has been forced to add all sorts of generalizations and a very inaccurate historical and political narrative, admittedly dug up for the occasion. So that the bitter and almost anarchic feeling and the sympathy for poor people which give the tone to much that is fine and generous in the book seem suddenly counterfeit and parodied when the author turns to what is supposed to be serious history and to what, emerging from a forest of misprints, is, in fact, second rate, second hand and careless. (In its review, *Pour la Victoire* gives a catalogue of some of the crasser errors.)

I suppose no one has the courage to feel really badly at the fact that a book he has written is selling well, but Mr. Paul must be aware that his book is being widely read for the wrong reasons and that it is inconceivable that it should be widely read in America with any comprehension of its real worth and meaning. It is a book written by a specialist for specialists, or at least it would have been that without the padding. I strongly urge that no one read it who has not specialized knowledge of French life and letters. The general reader will have no criterion on which to judge either the artistic or the factual truth of the book; it may also be said that such a reader will find many passages revolting. That will be his personal affair; he has been warned. But this book which should have been simply a novel and to which so many accidents have happened bears in it a greater and wider possibility for harm. The general reader might see in it a picture of France. That, indeed, would burden Mr. Paul with a serious responsibility for which he is—only too obviously—unprepared.

C. G. PAULDING.

FICTION

Old Soldiers Never Die. James Ronald. Lippincott. $2.50.

THIS delightful narrative emerges from the grippingly realistic fiction dealing with the present war. The theme is the growth of English spirit during the Battle of Britain; the plot, the growth of the character of an embittered general through the interaction of the personalities of thirteen evacuated slum children upon his. The book is charged with humor that is underlined with pathos and with laughter that is very close to tears.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, the old General offered his services to the country he loved—and was thrust off the active list by mechanized warfare. And after civilian defense organizations had turned him away, he locked himself in his home and ignored time, place and hostilities. In ten-year-old journals he read of the activities of friends who had long since died; the London *Times,* that told the story of Dunkirk, was tactfully put away. His only attendant was his faithful manservant, Bates, who vowed he would precede the old General to Hell "to tidy it up for him."

With the arrival of the colorful slum children, the General gradually softened, and finally learned that in modern warfare it takes a good soldier to be a civilian.

This is the simple story of a man who, in the best English tradition, gallantly rises to an occasion. In doing so, his tolerance is increased by contact with those who need tolerance and love.

The language is unpretentious and restrained. The characters are as plain as this: a little girl named Minnie who longs to be called Cynara, a little crippled boy and a child who romantically fancies that an actress is his mother. It is a book that has great charm.

GLORIA AMOURY.

BIOGRAPHY

Saint Louise de Marillac. M. V. Woodgate. Herder. $2.00.

IF MORE writers of modern lives of the saints made a study of the art of biography and learned to depict character and environment vividly, Catholic literature would be greatly enriched. Mary V. Woodgate, the English author of "Saint Louise de Marillac," has caught the spirit of her subject admirably, but she has not drawn a striking portrait of the French noblewoman who was a friend of the peasant Saint Vincent de Paul and founder with him of the Sisters of Charity. True, the beautiful traits of both saints shine so brightly in her paragraphs that it seems almost uncharitable to say that this is largely because she has quoted wisely from published correspondence and conferences; but the quotations are the usual ones, and the narrative is undistinguished. The reader familiar with Saint Vincent's letters, with the works of Coste, Lavedan and others, with C. V. Emanuel's "The Charities of Saint Vincent de Paul," and with Lady Lovat's fascinating biography of Saint Louise must believe that this book will be read chiefly in convent refectories, an edifying accompaniment to cold ham and boiled potatoes. Had a stimulating bibliography of the works on Saint Vincent, Saint Louise and their entourage been appended, and there is no dearth of these, listeners might have been lured from refectory to library and to further acquaintance with one of the greatest initiators of organized charity, a tender, loving, level-headed lady. The volume is well printed and indexed.

D. H. MOSELEY.

WAR

Europe in Revolt. René Kraus. Macmillan. $3.50.

WHEN, how and to what extent can we expect uprisings against the Axis from within? How does nazi domination change people, their beliefs, their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actions, their ways of life—and how will this affect the world after the war? Correct answers might not only help to win this war, but also to abridge it, to use political and spiritual weapons, and—above all—such answers would be instrumental in preparing a lasting peace.

Mr. Kraus has attempted to dramatize events in the nazi-occupied countries, condensing and vivifying widely scattered newspaper items, reports from the governments-in-exile and from other sources. There is evidently need for books of this type, for most people cannot be expected to peruse all original material or to get a vivid picture out of dry facts and figures.

From the nature of this topic, only a few facts can be checked. Among those few, however, there are some gross inaccuracies, like the story of Monsignor Heintz, Bishop of Metz, who, arrested on June 20, 1940, is alleged to have known "for months, ever since the invasion" [which had just started!] what would come. Mr. Kraus speaks about the *prestataire* camps in France, "for foreigners who enlisted as volunteers in the French army," whereas the *prestataires* were just those who did *not* volunteer but were conscripted for work service. He mentions a certain *"Sturmbann-Obergruppenführer"* of Hitler's brown shirts, whereas a *Sturmbann* is approximately a battalion and an *Obergruppe* is the highest territorial unit of the SA, several hundred thousand men!

Mr. Kraus makes several cautious and intelligent remarks directed against current wishful thinking, like that about a generals' revolt, or about the successful intimidation of the foreign workers in Germany. In contrast he says some things in poor taste, like "The French people . . . were resigned and patient—like the ass," or "Marx Dormoy—incidentally as good an Aryan as anyone . . ." Repeatedly the author injects general statements which remain somewhat fragmentary, for instance: "The relation between Hitler and the German people forms a vicious circle."

Admittedly, it is difficult to give satisfactory explanations: so why try such piecemeal comments instead of concentrating upon the facts, and nothing but the facts?

HEINZ SOFFNER.

The New Order in Poland. Simon Segal. Knopf. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH this book is a factual study of the transitional working of the nazi régime in conquered Poland, it is more. It summarizes the situation of Jews under that régime, and it tends to be an evaluation of German colonial methods, as of 1942. Simon Segal believes that Poland is an experimental proving ground for nazi social and economic policies in subordinated areas, possibly a training ground for future administrators of such areas, and that it is meant to become a European colony of Germany, in the event of nazi success in the war. He distinguishes between the methods employed in the wealthier regions, which were incorporated into the Greater Reich, and those employed in the poorer lands under the Government General. In the former a policy of Germanization is being worked out, in the other a policy of exploitation.

According to Mr. Segal, the program has been less successful than the nazis had hoped. Polish sections of the Nazi Party have been dissolved, and no Polish Quislings have been used to head the Government General. He says they could not be found. The Government General will never be able to sustain its own population on its limited resources. Death, starvation, further transfers

ADVERTISEMENT

Book Publishers Recommend

Outstanding Religious Books of the Year Selected by the American Library Association

•

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Based on the first complete English translation (c.1530) of Richard Whitford, edited by Edward J. Klein. "Dr. Klein has succeeded in establishing for the first time another classic in *English* literature, and has given us what should henceforth be the standard edition of one of the great books of the world. . . . We must henceforth regard Richard Whitford as one of the masters of English prose."—William Lyon Phelps in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. (Harper)..... $3.00

•

THE STORY OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM. By Theodore Maynard. Here is the only complete history of American Catholicism in one volume and the only history which includes the record of Catholic activity during the 20th century. "Will hold its place in the front rank for many years to come."—*Catholic Book Club Newsletter*. (Macmillan)..... $3.50

•

THE UNIVERSAL JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Pageant of the History of Israel, its Laws, Traditions, Beliefs, Customs, Ceremonies, Ethics, Folklore and Mysticism. A monumental record of Jewish achievement throughout the world. (The University Society, 468 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

Ten Volumes, $100; Per Volume, $10

Cardinal Farley Military Academy

On the invitation of His Excellency, Archbishop Spellman, the above-named residential military academy will be opened next September by the Christian Brothers of Ireland.

Location: The Morton Estate, Rhinecliff on the Hudson. Beautiful and extensive grounds and lake. Ample facilities for every form of athletic exercise.

Courses: Board of Regents Syllabus.

A thorough training in religious and secular learning and in the principles of sound patriotism.

Junior and High School Departments

For further information apply to the Acting Registrar

All Hallows Institute, 111 E. 164th St., New York City
Phone: Jerome 7-1930

BEST SELLERS, or BEST BOOKS?
Quantity or Quality?
"BOOKS ON TRIAL"
the first and only Guide that shows the answer at a glance. $2.00 per year. One annual subscription free with each $5.00 order for any current books, at regular prices, if you mention THE COMMONWEAL.
Thomas More Library Majestic Building Chicago

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of population and the export of labor must implement the policy. An underground movement is active, and works with the Government in Exile, in spite of differing political coloration. German settlers brought in from Baltic regions have furnished too few farmers. German propaganda has had some successes among nationalist Ukrainians, but confusion and disillusion have developed among them. Although ghettos are not the autonomous territories the Germans paint them to be, they have produced a healthy rapprochement among Jewish intellectuals and laborers. Within legal restrictions, Catholic churches are filled, but scarcely for the material and mundane reasons presented by our author for this phenomenon. On religious questions, whether Christian or Jewish, Mr. Segal suffers under a form of spiritual astigmatism. Not only does he limit his treatment of religious issues to a few pages and to material familiar to news readers, but he tends to explain religious opposition to nazi policies on political grounds rather than on conflicts of doctrinal character.

A reader comes away from the book with a sense of incompleteness, due partly to the unfinished and often contradictory nature of the program described, partly to the generalization made necessary by unavoidable gaps in material evidence and partly to the flat level of intensity of the writing. The accumulated evidence of rapine and ruthlessness serves, however, to prove to us how low is the nazi concept of a human being, to remind us that suffering does not end with conquest, and to strengthen our wills to relieve tragic misery with a truer justice.

ELIZABETH M. LYNSKEY.

Only the Stars Are Neutral. Quentin Reynolds. Random.. $2.50.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS is one of the authentic legends of our time. And since I knew him back almost at the beginning of the legend, I am glad to testify to it again. I remember him first when I was sixteen years old and trying out for the football team at Manual Training High School in Brooklyn. We were all sweating in our heavy uniforms in the hot September sun on the lacrosse field of the Crescent Athletic Club, when a big, red-headed young man fresh out of Brown University came onto the field with an old suitcase in his hand. It contained a battered Brown uniform and he dressed on the field and helped to coach the linemen. Years later, we were sports-writers in the same newspaper era. And one remembers Reynolds with the cinema actress on his arm at the Fordham football games in 1934. And in 1936, we saw him again at Pauline Hemingway's home in Key West and at Pena's bar, where we drank good Fundador brandy.

And if you want to go back farther, you can picture a gangling, thirteen-year-old kid with a newspaper route in Brooklyn; the kid growing up in a good Brooklyn Irish home and with a look of distance already in his eyes . . .

Well, he has come a long ways and seen a terrifying number of things; and now he has written his best book. It might as well be said right now that he is something of a sentimentalist, but that this has somehow not gotten in the way of his making an objective report of things seen.

The book takes its pattern from the ordinary travels of an alert, intelligent, unpretentious and intellectually humble international correspondent. Where news had broken or was expected to break, Reynolds would go. That is the pattern of the book and it goes from London during the blitz, to Moscow, to Kuibyshev, to Cairo and the desert and back to London and, finally, Brooklyn. There is none of the pontificating or exaggerated restraint of people like William L. Shirer or Edward R. Murrow. But Reynolds was on a London roof-top during the blitz and he was in a desert fox-hole at night while the Germans dive-bombed the English regiment he was with. (He knew he should have prayed, but instead he found himself talking out loud to his mother in Brooklyn and fully believing that she heard him.) And, somehow, one gets more of the authentic feeling of the war and what it is all about from the writing of this, in a sense old-fashioned, reporter than from the amateur statesmen that so many other foreign correspondents seem to have become.

Reynolds claims that the English people and their civilian defense groups won the battle of Britain, by their endurance and their dogged efficiency. This is something to think about. He pictures Churchill as a strange combination of Shakespearian scholar and English Dale Carnegie. Stalin is little and bow-legged with a withered left arm. And Reynolds was at the diplomatic dinner the night Stalin said publicly of Roosevelt: "May God help him in his most difficult task."

Russia is a puzzle and Reynolds says so. He liked communism no better after leaving Russia than when he went in. But he left there with a truly profound sense of gratitude to and respect for the Russian people. And his report on Russia is about as objective as they come. He winced at the 800 women political prisoners working on roads in the winter rain. He talked to the Jesuit, Father Braun, who says Mass publicly every day in Moscow. And he sees the Russians as the greatest realists in a materialistic world. He was the press attaché of the American missions in Moscow. When the difficult Russian censorship prevented his getting any worthwhile stories out of Russia, he flew to Cairo via Persia with an airplane load of diplomats. When weather forced them down, they played their inevitable poker. Reynolds couldn't win much from the American Ambassador, Steinhardt, but the Persian Ambassador to Russia was, Reynolds says, his pigeon. He paid his hotel bills off the Persian Ambassador. In Cairo, the night before they went into the desert, he played poker again and won two thousand dollars from Randolph Churchill and two other Englishmen. Major Churchill was the most intelligent censor Reynolds came across. A *leitmotif* of the book is Reynolds grousing about the censorship in both England and Russia, so that one wonders if the censors really knew what censorship was all about. The most appalling blunders and errors of both omission and commission occurred, more in England than in Russia.

Pertinent to the recent disasters in Libya is Reynolds's comment on Rommel. If you fight Rommel according to the book, Reynolds says in the language of the ring, you'll get your brains beaten out. Rommel is the master of unorthodox tactics.

In Lisbon, Reynolds and another correspondent went to the Palacio Hotel, where the German undercover men hang out, and, in the bar, in German, spoke to each other of mock disasters to the German forces in Libya. The barkeepers started dashing about and sending notes out. Happy, Reynolds and his friend left.

There are more ponderous and more scholarly books than Reynolds's by war correspondents, but none more authentic or more readable. The readability of the book, sustained on every page, is a minor literary miracle, as any professional writer will tell you.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Inner Forum

The Church and the American Negro

THE generally accepted figure for the Negro population in the United States is somewhat over 13,000,000. According to *The Christian Family and Our Missions,* "The Negro population increased 15.8 percent in the North during the decade just past, 5.8 percent in the South, and 41.8 percent in the West [only 170,706 Negroes in the West in 1940]. These facts indicate that there was a large migration of Negroes during the 1930's from the South to the North and West, probably out of the rural areas in the South to the urban areas of other parts of the country. Over three-fourths of the Negro population still lived in the South in 1940." The proportion decreased from 78.7 percent in 1930 to 77 percent in 1940. The same journal quotes Brother Cassian, F.S.C., to underline the fact that illiteracy among the American Negro population is 16.5 percent as compared with 1.3 percent among American Whites.

The late Father Gillard's "Colored Catholics in the United States" indicates that in the first ten states in Negro population—nine Southern States and New York State—there are some 9,000,000 Negroes, of whom about 180,000 are Catholics, two-thirds of them in the one state of Louisiana. There is a small Catholic college for Negroes in Mississippi and the much larger Xavier University in New Orleans. And in these ten states there are 43 Catholic high schools, one-third of them in Louisiana alone, with hardly more than 3,000 pupils in all.

At present, according to *St. Augustine's Messenger* of Techny, Illinois, there are 18 American Negro priests, 12 Negro brothers, and 500 Negro sisters. At the same time there are some 85 Negro students for the priesthood, more than half of them with the Divine Word Missionaries either at Bay St. Louis, Miss., or Techny, Ill. "The Benedictine Fathers of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, have five colored students for the priesthood, one now a novice, and the others are preparatory students." Others are preparing with the Josephite Fathers at Newburgh, N. Y., the Sacred Heart Fathers at Hales Corners, Wisconsin, the Holy Ghost Fathers at Cornwells Heights, Pa., the Fathers of the Most Holy Trinity in Alabama, the Fathers of St. Edmund at Winooski, Vt., and the Brooklyn, N. Y., Diocesan Seminary at Huntington. *Catholic Missions* cites Father Gillard to the effect that there are 486 priests engaged exclusively in Catholic work for Negroes in the United States with 22 religious communities and diocesan clergy now laboring in the colored missions.

CONTRIBUTORS

Walter John MARX teaches at the Catholic University and recently published "Mechanization and Culture."
Wilhelm SOLZBACHER, author of a book on Pope Pius XI and the totalitarian régime, arrived in this country several months ago on board the "hell ship" Navemar.
August DERLETH is a Wisconsin poet and writer of novels.
Ella Frances LYNCH is the founder of the National League of Teacher-Mothers.
Gloria AMOURY is a New York student.
D. H. MOSELEY is the author of "Sunshine and Saints."
Heinz SOFFNER is an Austrian now in the US.
Elizabeth LYNSKEY teaches at Hunter College.
Harry SYLVESTER is a short story writer and novelist.

COLLEGE OF CHESTNUT HILL

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Students prepared for graduate, medical, and law schools, for high school teaching and secretarial service.

Gymnasium, swimming pool and extensive fields for outside sports.

Prospective students should make early application.

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart

Summer School

JULY 1 TO AUGUST 7

Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Liturgical Singing—Polyphony—Choral Training—Conducting—School Music, Tone and Rhythm Series—Model School—Boy Choir—Harmony—Counterpoint—and other branches of music. Organ—Piano—Violin—Voice.

Registrations may be made any time.

For further information address Secretary.

133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SETON HILL COLLEGE

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Degrees: B.A., B.Music, B.S. in Home Economics

Pre-Professional Training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service, Teacher Education

Fourteen Major Departments **Honors Courses**

Accredited by The Association of American Universities
Holds national membership in
The American Association of University Women

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational

COLLEGES—WOMEN—NEW YORK

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE

Grymes Hill, Staten Island, N. Y. A Distinctive Country Day College for Young Women. Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges. Degrees: B.A., B.S., in Education and in Commerce. Pre-medical, pre-law courses. Beautiful campus, conveniently located, 15 minutes from N. Y. and N. J. Ferries and Bridges. Registration by appointment. Phone GIbraltar 7-4343.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York. Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Accredited. Liberal Arts. Confers B.A., B.S. degrees. National Defense Program. Pre-Medical, Secretarial, Home Making and Nutrition, Art, Music, Pedagogy, Journalism, Dramatics. Directed field trips in all depts. Athletics. Special two-year course. Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City. Paris and Rome. Address Secretary.
Marymount Preparatory Schools: Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York. Fifth Ave. & 84th St., New York City. Address Rev. Mother.

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Regional and State Accreditment. A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Teacher and Secretarial Training. Ninety-six acres bordering Hudson River. Twelve miles from Grand Central, New York City. For particulars address Registrar.

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

Buffalo, N. Y. Four year course and accelerated program of three year course, with summer school, leading to B.A., B.S., B.S. in Commerce, B.S. in Art Education. Courses in nursing education. Write for catalogue.

CONNECTICUT

SAINT JOSEPH COLLEGE

West Hartford, Connecticut. Liberal Arts College for Women. B.A. and B.S. Degrees. Member of the New England Association of Colleges. Registered with the Board of Regents of New York. Opportunities for Actual Participation in Child study—Dietetics—Laboratory Techniques—Social work—Teaching—Home Management—Business—Government—Library Work.

ANNHURST COLLEGE

R. F. D. 2, Putnam, Connecticut. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Resident and non-resident. Liberal Arts Courses, Secretarial, Music, Painting. Easily accessible by auto or public conveyance from Providence, R. I., Worcester and Springfield, Mass. Address Registrar.

NEW YORK

LADYCLIFF COLLEGE

On Hudson, Highland Falls, N. Y. A college for the higher education of women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis. Incorporated under Laws of the University of New York. Four-Year Course Leading to Degrees in Arts, Science, Education, Music. Ladycliff Academy for Girls—A Chartered Regents Boarding School. Boys' Department: Primary, Intermediate Grammar Grades.

ACADEMY—GIRLS—MIDWEST

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

Fort Crawford Manor. Where the Individual Is Paramount. Boarding and day school for girls. Affiliated with the Catholic Educational Association, University of Wisconsin, North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Complete courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Extensive grounds—30 acre campus on the historical site of old Fort Crawford. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

ACADEMIES—GIRLS—NEW YORK

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMY

630 Riverside Drive, New York City. Conducted by The Sisters of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Boarding and Day School for Girls. Primary, Elementary and High School Departments. Music, Art, Dancing and Physical Training Offered. Accredited by the Board of Regents, University of the State of New York, and by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. For particulars, apply to Mother Superior.

SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD

Suffern, New York. Accredited. College preparatory and general course. Art, Music, Dancing, Dramatics. Outdoor sports. Resident and Day School. Separate Junior Department. In beautiful Ramapo Valley. 40 minutes from New York City. Catalogue. Address the Prefect. Phone: Suffern 765.

CATHOLIC CAMPS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE COMMONWEAL'S Catholic Camp will be glad to recommend appropriate camps. Our list includes approved, modern camps offering practically all facilities. We visit camps and have their literature sent to readers interested. For information return this coupon.

THE COMMONWEAL,
386 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please recommend a suitable camp(s)
in the vicinity of.....
for a boy(s) age(s).....
a girl(s) age (s).....
for period.....to.....
Rate(s) sought for whole period.....
Special facilities desired.....
.....
Name .....
Street .....
City .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED